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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE dear dollar men are on a new tack. They have long since tired of Republican institutions and methods. They have built their system on monarchical ideas, and to have to work out and establish such a system with democratic tools is sadly trying on their store of patience. To get a people to voluntarily sell themselves into bondage is no easy matter, and after they have once sold themselves into bondage, illimitable tact and eternal vigilance is needed to keep them there.

And this is just the task that has been set before our dear dollar men. To fasten their system of an appreciating dollar on our people they have had to gain the support of the very men, or at least of the representatives of the very men they have planned to despoil of the fruits of their toil. And to maintain their system they have had to keep the support of the very men upon whom they have laid an exacting tribute. Many are the arts and great the expense they are put to in getting the many to vote themselves into poverty that the few may gain. This aggrandisement of the few at the expense of the many, this despoiling

of the producing classes that the few may wax fat, is the foundation on which is built up despotism and oligarchy. But in a democracy we do not expect to find such conditions. When the people are entrusted with the making of their own laws that they may protect themselves against injustice, we do not expect to find the many paying an unearned tribute to the few. Yet this is just what we do find in our country to-day, this is just what we have brought about by the establishment of the system of the appreciating dollar, which subtly, but surely, takes from the industrious the fruits of their toil and gives to the idle. The building up of an oligarchy of wealth, in effect if not in name, is the result.

THAT democratic principles should not be imbedded in the natures of those who profit from the establishment of such an undemocratic system is natural. That they should fondly dream of the overthrow of the Republic and the establishment of a governmental system more in accord with their cardinal tenet, that the many should be the hewers of wood and the drawers of water for the few, is not surprising. But such fond dream has seemed to them to be an Utopian hope, they have regretfully regarded the Republic as an evil to be endured, they have striven to reconcile themselves to the great periodical inroads that they are obliged to make on the tribute exacted from the producing classes in order to beguile such producers into voting a continuance of the payment of such, or an even heavier tribute. So, democratic institutions are very unsatisfactory to our dear dollar men, for the necessity of controlling elections so as to enable them to carry further and to completeness their schemes of self aggrandizement, or so as to at least guard against the overthrow of the system so dear to them, subjects them periodically to a heavy tax. But as unsatisfactory as our dear dollar men have found the tools of democracy with which to build up an oligarchy, they have felt obliged to put up with them. Get rid of such tools they would if they could. How to get rid of them has been the unsolvable question.

But at last they have struck a brilliant idea. By gradual degrees they will circumvent the difficulties they meet with in Republican institutions and methods. They will, step by step get democracy out of their way. They will take from the people the power entrusted to them to protect themselves. They will reduce democracy to the mere shadow of a name, so that the people shall have no say in their own governing. They see the means to accomplish this, at least a possible means, and they will try it on at once. And now how do they propose to go about it? By getting Congress to abdicate its legislative functions over one matter after another. But abdicate to who? To special commissions appointed by whom they do not much care, only so the members are amenable to their commands. And where would they commence, from what sphere of action do they ask Congress to step aside for a commission to step in? It is as to questions relating to matters of financial and tariff policy that they want Congress to declare its incompetency by stepping aside and virtually surrendering to a commission the power to legislate for it on such matters. In the future, Congress is simply to ratify the findings and

recommendations of commissions appointed in fact, if not in name, by the moneyed interests. Such is the dream of the dear money men, such is the key-note sounded by the so-called monetary conference held in Indianapolis this week. The financial and tariff questions must, we are told, be taken out of the sphere of politics. Questions of monetary and tariff policy must not be left subject to changes after every recurring election. In short, if the people see fit to change either monetary or tariff policy established in the interests of the growing oligarchy of wealth they shall not be free to do so. A commission must be now entrusted with the framing of currency laws so as to forever keep the question out of politics and insure a permanency of financial methods. Such currency laws established in this way the people's representatives shall not be free to change. Our currency system framed to despoil the many and enrich the few must be so firmly planted around with safeguards that it cannot be changed in response to any "passing whim" of the people. The people's representatives shall not be left free to disturb such system. Changes in such a system must be placed beyond their control. Such is the plan seriously proposed by the contractionists to destroy our Republican institutions. We have grown accustomed to the senseless cry of "Put the government out of the banking business." We are now to have it varied into "Put Congress out of the governing business."

But we fancy such a scheme will be little to the liking of the Fifty-fifth Congress. Men do not like to strip themselves of power, and it will take a Congress more subservient to the money power than any we have yet seen to consent to strip itself of the legislative powers entrusted to it by the Constitution.

FOR November the excess of national expenditures over receipts has figured out to \$8,050,024, which brings the deficit for the first five months of the fiscal year to \$39,946,846. The growth of the deficit thus strikingly set forth has excited much comment of a not over brilliant kind. The McKinley press teems with pressing demands that the revenues be built up, that the deficit be in some way provided for, and at once. They lose sight of the fact that the deficit has already been provided for, that the Treasury is not pressed for money, but is in a shape to meet the deficit for a year to come without suffering inconvenience even if the deficit should continue at the rate of \$8,000,000 a month. Piled in the Treasury, aside from the \$100,000,000 of gold reserve, is or was on Nov. 30th, \$125,357,098 of money, which must remain locked up in the Treasury vaults in idleness until such time as it may be needed to eke out a deficit in revenues. With such a surplus in the Treasury there is no occasion for hysterical haste in providing additional revenues. The question of revenues is not one that presses on the present Congress. The country will not suffer, the ability of the government to promptly pay its indebtedness will not be imperilled by failure on the part of Congress to legislate this winter. It will be time enough to consider the question of revenues when the Fifty-fifth Congress meets in regular session in December next. The atmosphere will be clearer by that time. We can then see whether additional revenue will be needed to enable the government to meet running expenses or not.

That revenues will materially pick up under existing laws and existing conditions, is not to be expected. But though the deficit in revenues is quite sure to go on growing, and is quite likely to run up to \$75,000,000 or more between this time and December, 1897, it is not safe, by any means, to conclude that the working cash balance in the Treasury will be cut down by the amount of this \$75,000,000 deficit, or say to \$50,000,000. If it should be, the building up of our revenues would be in order. But if it should not be, if we should find in the face of withdrawals to meet such deficit, a cash balance in the Treasury in December, 1897, as large or larger than the one we now have, there would be no reason to impose additional taxes.

We have had a deficit in revenues for nearly four years, but

in spite of a deficit of over \$190,000,000, there is a round \$100,000,000 more of cash in the Treasury than on March 4th, 1893, when Mr. Cleveland stepped into the Presidential shoes of Mr. Harrison. It is, of course, the borrowings of gold to provide for greenback redemptions that have wiped out the deficit and added \$100,000,000 to the working cash balance of the Treasury. These borrowings are likely to continue until something is done to place our monetary system on a firm foundation. This something is the retirement of our greenback currency or the restoration of bimetallism. There is no reason to anticipate the taking of either of these courses. So we may expect continued borrowings, and if we are going to borrow \$75,000,000 or more between now and December next, there will be no greater need of additional revenues than now. It is wrong, we admit, this running on borrowed money. But it is the system that makes necessary this borrowing, not the spending of the borrowed money, that is wrong.

BUT there are those among our dear money men who are not even content with demanding the building up of our revenues. They demand the borrowing of money to make good our deficits in revenue. They insist that Congress shall put in the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury authority to borrow money to meet the expenditures of the government. But the Secretary of the Treasury has no need of money to pay the expenses of the government. He has \$125,000,000 on hand. He got this \$125,000,000 by borrowing, to be sure, but this is all the more reason we should not borrow more. Let us spend what we have already borrowed before we borrow more. We do not want to borrow money and pay interest upon it simply to pile it up in the Treasury.

To thus borrow money in excess of our needs, and consequently take money out of the channels of trade and industry and place it in the Treasury vaults would of course contract our currency. But if this is the purpose of those who want more borrowing why do they not come out openly and demand currency contraction by the retirement and cancellation of our greenback currency. The answer is that they do, but that they fear of success and so fall back on this hidden method of contraction. So the proposal to borrow to pay expenses of the government, when the Treasury is in absolutely no need of money, is nothing less than a scheme to accomplish covertly that which cannot be accomplished openly. Is this honorable? Should such a scheme of deception succeed? A policy that cannot run the gauntlet of public discussion should fail. A bill that aims to accomplish something at which it does not purport to aim should not pass. The demonetization bill of 1873 was such a bill. We do not want another such blotch to stain our national escutcheon in 1896. We do not want the greenbacks demonetized in 1896 as silver was in 1873.

THERE are still those who cling to the hope of the passage of the Dingley bill during the coming short session of Congress. We do not see any ground for such expectation. The bill should never become law. As a protective measure it is a fraud. It is not framed on protective lines and it has the further shortcoming of being incomplete in that it does not extend that protection to farmers which can be alone effective, namely the restoration of bimetalism, which can alone deprive our competitors for the European markets of the bounty they now enjoy in the shape of a premium on gold.

Our farmers make our home market, make the market the preservation of which to goods of domestic production is to bring promised prosperity to our manufacturers. But this market is narrowed by the impoverishment of our farmers. It is not capable of absorbing the products of our mills. Consequently, no tariff preserving our home market will make a market for the products of our mills, running on full time, until we better the condition of

our agricultural classes. So until our farmers get better prices for their products, for that alone can bring them prosperity, no tariff can bring prosperity to our manufacturers. Therefore it is that any tariff measure designed to be protective is incomplete, unless carrying an amendment opening our mints to the free coinage of silver, for it is the taking away from our competitors of the advantage they enjoy over our farmers, in the shape of a premium on gold, that can alone bring prosperity to our agricultural classes.

So we urge that every tariff measure that aims to be protective should be amended so as to provide for the opening of our mints to free silver coinage. A designedly protective measure without such amendment is not protective and should therefore be defeated. We believe the silver protectionists in the Senate will take this view. To the length of factious opposition they are not called to go, no one is ever called to go, but they should stand up, explain the views they hold and vote according to their convictions. Such a vote, will, we believe, suffice to join to any protective measure the House may send up to the Senate, an amendment providing for free coinage and thus make such measure complete. We believe the Democratic Senators would vote for such an amendment whatever position they might take on the final passage of the bill.

AND here we might add a word about factious opposition to measures in the Senate. The struggle over the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act in the summer and autumn of 1893 is often spoken of as a case in point. The truth is, the opposition was carried to the length it was only because those who did not wish to see the repeal carry were in the majority. The majority of the Senate did not wish the measure to come to a vote. Senators who wanted repeal defeated but feared to avow their convictions in opposition to the newly installed Democratic Administration, formed this majority. They had not the courage to openly oppose repeal, though they extended encouragement to those strenuously fighting it. This silent encouragement and opposition on the part of Senators who finally voted for repeal, gave to the apparent minority the courage and power to prolong the contest.

We would also recall to some gold Republican papers now so loudly protesting against factious opposition that the most flagrant case of factious opposition that has perhaps ever occurred in the Senate was that of Mr. Quay in opposition to the Wilson tariff, a factious opposition that had their hearty approval.

WE heard during the campaign much about the anticipated dangers to savings fund depositors lurking in free coinage. We were not told of the present dangers to such depositors lurking in the gold standard. Now comes a significant object lesson from New Hampshire. Within eighteen months twenty-two savings institutions in that state, with deposits aggregating nearly \$18,000,000, have been forced to suspend. And what is the reason? Simply inability of those to whom they had loaned the moneys deposited with them to pay either principal or interest. It was largely in farm mortgages that these savings funds had invested. And why the inability of these farmers to pay interest on their loan, much less the principal? Low prices, nothing more nor less—low prices brought about by the discarding of silver and the establishment of gold as our measure of value. Clearly the gold standard and the appreciating dollar has proven far from a good thing for the savings fund depositors of New Hampshire.

We are told that it was rash to invest in farm mortgages. Perhaps, but it was not considered so at the time when the investments were made. And in the long run the savings funds that have invested in railroad bonds will be no better off. It is from these impoverished farmers that our railroads earn the money

requisite to pay interest on their bonds. The impoverishment of the farming and other classes cuts into their earning ability and if such impoverishment continues to grow and earnings to fall the railroads must, one after the other stop, paying interest charges. The gold standard jeopardizes, it does not conserve, the interests of savings fund depositors.

LAST week Mr. McKinley's plurality of the popular vote was given at 829,064. We said it was destined to grow smaller, and it has. It has crept down to 708,639, as reported by the gold papers. But even yet they have got the figure too high. Mr. McKinley's Pennsylvania plurality is still permitted to stand at 301,173, whereas, with the votes cast in the Populist column, but for the same electors as on the Democratic ticket, counted for Bryan, as they should, Mr. McKinley's plurality is but 295,070. The figures given us by our gold papers still need revising. And bye and bye they will come to recognize that the last election was no landslide.

MEXICO is satisfied with the silver standard. The government, said President Diaz in taking the oath of office for the fourth consecutive term on December 1st, last, will stick to the silver standard, as being, in the opinion of the Administration, the one best adapted to the country, and as affording it, at the present rate of exchange, an immense protection to home industries, while at the same time securing for its exports a gold premium, which operates as a bounty to tropical planters.

Now, how does this gold premium operate as a bounty? Take the coffee planter. The silver cost of production is no greater to-day than ten or twenty years ago, though the gold for which he sells his coffee is worth twice as much silver as it was prior to 1873. So the coffee planter sending his coffee to New York or London, and selling it for a gold price but very little short of that obtained twenty years ago, gets twice as much silver, gets twice as much money for his coffee. Thus it is that the premium on gold not only has nominally but actually doubled the value of the crops of the Mexican coffee planter. Is it any wonder he prospers and is enlarging production and increasing shipments to a marvelous extent?

And if we now turn the case around, and look at the effect of this premium on gold on imports into Mexico, what do we find? We find that though British and American manufactured goods are offered for a smaller gold price than ten or twenty years ago, the price to the Mexican has increased, for he has to pay twice as much for the gold he must give in payment as he was required to pay in 1873. The result has been a rise in price to the Mexican of everything bought from abroad. And, as silver has kept a stable purchasing power in Mexico, this enhanced price of foreign goods has served as a powerful stimulant to domestic manufacturing, and Mexico, as all silver countries, is making marvelous industrial strides.

OBJECTION is urged to the government ownership of railroads as demanded in the platform for 1900, suggested in THE AMERICAN of November 7th, on the ground that the railroads would become an immense piece of political machinery, and put in the hands of an unscrupulous administration incalculable power to influence elections and legislation. But our railroads are already in politics and in a most offensive way, as was amply evidenced in the past campaign. No government could have gone further to coerce employees by holding over their heads the fear of dismissal than our railroads, in general, went in the past campaign. Besides, under efficient civil service rules that guarded against dismissals as well as discrimination in giving employment, the railroads, under government ownership, would not become a political power. What we need is to take the railroads out of

politics, and this is one of the things we would hope to accomplish through government ownership.

It is also objected, that in taking the ownership of our railroads, our government would have to assume an intolerable burden. It is pointed out that the total valuation of railroad properties in the United States aggregates \$11,000,000,000, that to own this property the government must buy it, to buy it, it must have money and to get money it must issue interest-bearing bonds, thereby creating an enormous interest-bearing debt which our people would have to pay. But it is overlooked that our people are already shouldered with this debt, and the burden of it is much more onerous than if the debt now issued by the railroads were issued by the government. The railroads pay a higher interest for money than the government would be required to pay, and the people must supply the railroads with this higher rate of interest by paying high freight and passenger rates. The burdens of our people would be reduced, not increased, by the government taking over the railroads. Let us see how.

In the first place, while the capitalization of our railroads is close to \$11,000,000,000, much of this represents mere water, the issuance of securities for which no money has been paid. The amount of money that has been actually invested in our railroads does not probably exceed \$5,000,000,000. The government would take the railroads at this, their real valuation, and not their fictitious value of \$11,000,000,000. So the value of the property for the government to buy would be something like \$6,000,000,000. This represents about the sum the railroads are now paying interest on. For the fiscal year 1895, the railroads made no return on \$3,475,640,203 of their capital stock or \$890,561,460 of their funded debt, a total of \$4,366,201,663. This left a capital represented by stocks and bonds of \$5,980,552,566 on which the railroads paid interest. On this capital they divided \$337,800,463—a sum of course taken from the public who used the roads in freight and passenger charges—which gave an average rate of interest of 5.65 per cent.

Now when the government came to take over all this railroad property at a fair valuation what would it have to do? Simply issue its own bonds which the present holders of railroad property would gladly take in exchange for their present securities, and, owing to the greater security offered, at a much lower rate of interest than they now receive. Probably the government would not have to pay more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent interest, whereas the railroads pay $5\frac{3}{4}$. Now $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on six billion comes to \$210,000,000 which the government would have to pay as interest. But how would it provide this. Out of the general customs and internal revenue receipts? Not at all. It would get the needed money as freights and fares from those who used the roads just as the railroad corporations now do. But there would be this difference. Where the railroads now exact 338 millions the government would exact but 210, a saving to those who used the railroads in reduced freights and fares of 118 millions. So we see, that instead of increasing the burdens of our people, the taking over of the ownership of the railroads by the government would lighten their burdens on this one score of the saving of interest by at least one-third.

Two views are to be taken of the report just issued by the Secretary of War. It shows on the one hand an enormous increase in the preparations for possible war, and, on the other, how little prepared we are for it to-day, even with all the recently acquired essentials. Secretary Lamont has had better backing from Congress than any of his predecessors during thirty years. He has been enabled to begin his scheme of belting the continent with fortifications armed with the latest engines of slaughter, in keeping with the universal fashion of nineteenth century Christian civilization. At the pace invention is now galloping the probabilities are that these impregnable forts and indestructible guns

will be worthless by the time we need them. But we shall still be in fashion if this proves so. There is not a proud man of war now afloat that is not filled with a terrible dread lest its first shot fired at the enemy may not send itself and crew to the bottom of the sea. This paradoxical fact is a more potent preserver of the peace than all the treaties that are being made to be broken. The strange feature in the Secretary's report is the confession that, with all our wealth and military passion the United States army, small though it is, is not in a position to fight because it has no reserve of ammunition. If war has to be prepared for at all it is absurd to learn that neither our ships, nor our forts, nor our regiments could be supplied with powder and shot to last through a single campaign.

THE State of Pennsylvania devotes nearly twenty millions of dollars annually to schooling, which cannot yet be regarded as education. This sum is expended on a school attendance of 1,088,786. In his report, just issued, State Superintendent Schaeffer speaks out plainly upon the unsatisfactory results and lays the greater blame on the lack of efficiency in the superintendence. Lower standards are accepted than exist—so it is publicly stated—in other civilized countries, and this inferiority in teaching power produces correspondingly deplorable results, such as short school terms, slovenliness is what is learnt, and, when the illiterate negro States are counted in, Pennsylvania is barely up to the educational average of the Union. That crime and shiftlessness are increased by this condition of things is obvious. Dr. Schaeffer does not mince his words on the disgrace thus brought upon one of the wealthiest and most progressive States in the Union. He puts it that the customary singing of praise over Pennsylvania's supposed model school system has blinded the people to its glaring defects. The time has come for reform, better equipped teachers must be secured, more efficient inspection, more high schools must be established, and a system of general examinations, before the State can claim to have done its duty to the rising generation.

OUR Minister at Constantinople, Alexander W. Terrell, is specifically charged with neglect of duty by the eminent missionary, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin. More than simple neglect is involved. If the charge be true, the United States has been permitted to suffer public humiliation by the supineness of its official representative, placed there for the one purpose of maintaining the nation's rights and dignity. The allegations are that up to quite a recent date the American Consul at Erzerum had not received his papers, and was thereby unable to hoist his flag or act as Consul. Also that it took months before Minister Terrell got permits for Americans Consuls to travel inland and in Armenia, though British Consuls had free access. Also, that though the American flag was flying over the American Girls' College at Marash, it, and other buildings at Harpoot under the flag were burned down by the Turks, and no protection was given. Also, that though the English ambassador procured permits for the English missionaries to travel in the interior, Minister Terrell failed to get the privilege for American missionaries. A searching investigation must be made and, whatever the result, the United States government must promptly assert its full treaty rights with Turkey and obtain proper reparation for their breach.

THE dearth of great men is conspicuously illustrated just now in a country which has rarely lacked leaders worthy of any noble cause. England has been convulsed time and again by tumults of every kind stirred by popular figure-heads and her people have grumbled at never being allowed to rest and be thankful. Of late she has learnt that unrest and discontent can flourish in the absence of rousing orators. Conservatism needs not this kind of stimulus, is happier without it, and manages to

borrow a fair share of progressive enthusiasm from the spent fires of the old Radical party. But if there are no firebrands now, nor torch-bearers of distinction, waging war against the comfortable Salisbury Government, "still in its ashes live the wonted fires" of the once white-hot Liberal movement. The trouble is deep and keen between Lord Rosebery and Sir William Vernon Harcourt, and not less so the feeling of rivalry between their followers, the moderate and the extreme sections of the party. Truth to say, neither leader is an ideal one. Rosebery is too much of an aristocrat, in tastes, sympathies and temperament to commend his leadership to any but the extinct Whig element. Harcourt is at heart not less sublimely imbued with a sense of his innate lordliness, which has afflicted him, though probably not unjustly, with the reputation of being the cleverest trimmer of his party, with the possible exception of Chamberlain. The pity of it is that there is no Liberal Moses in sight.

TRANSVAAL affairs do not settle. "Dr. Jim" is reported as seriously ill, and so his detention, which was never imprisonment, has been brought to an early ending. We can wish well to the doctor while hoping that the buccaneer may not yet recover the appetite and strength for adventures like that of last Christmas. Cecil Rhodes talks of going to face the Parliamentary investigation in London, believing that the native rising is no longer a serious trouble. If Rhodes were made of hero-stuff he would long ago have insisted on forestalling Jameson as an inmate of an English prison. The Parliamentary Commission notwithstanding, the Boers feel, and justifiably feel, uneasy about their relations with England. Although President Kruger well knows that England is the only strong arm on which his people can rely in times of peace and of danger, this confidence was rudely shaken by the irresponsible and criminal raid of Jameson, acting under Rhodes, and the cowardly lenience shown toward the latter by the Home Government has a disturbing influence. The British military force at the Cape has been quietly raised from 2,000 to 5,000, doubtless in view of possible extension of native discontent, because of the terrible pest which is killing the cattle. They do not understand the stamping-out policy of the authorities, regarding it as persecution, all the more cruel because coincident with their destitution. The cities will soon share the common trouble.

FRANCE is having her thousand and first lesson in the instability of sham friendship, but her own fickleness blinds her to the teachings of sad experience. All the delirious devotion recently manifested toward everything Russian is now beginning to seem wasted, though a waste of insincere enthusiasm does not call for outside sympathy. Sincere the French people undoubtedly were to a skin-deep depth, if, indeed, it penetrated any deeper than their face-powders, and friendship based on selfishness is not the most admirable form. The complimentary and spectacular stage of the Franco-Russian *entente* passed off beautifully, but the business end of it is less pleasing to the Parisian taste. French syndicates, already holding the bulk of the Turkish debt, have been trying to float another loan on the strength of their alleged faith in the Sultan's pledges of good behavior. The French Ministry have been trying to consummate the arrangement, and have relied on the Tsar's good-will to make something more than pecuniary profit by it. Now that the Tsar vetoes the transaction on the ground that, as the Sultan is an independent sovereign, any financing of his treasury must be undertaken by the Powers jointly, France is inclined to pout at perfidious Russia. All things these twenty years have conspired to point one dominant thing to France, namely, that her prime duty and policy for a generation or two to come is to drop her foreign meddlings and give her patriotic soul and body to cleaning house and creating happy homes. But she thinks this would not be *la gloire*.

THE versatility of the American newspaper man is boundless. What would the fathers of the press, those stalwart levellers who knew no respect of persons in their calling, what would they think if they could come back and see the latter-day, New York newspaper man garbed in the flunkey attire of Jeames de la Pluche, hanging around the carriage of the American duchess abroad? The part of Jenkins, backstairs chronicler of the movements and the dresses of cockney aristocracy, seems on the surface easy to play, but in truth it demands gifts and trained talents not much inferior to those essential to the diplomatic service, of which it is an humble branch. There is the new language to be acquired, a wondrous jargon of dancing-school and dinner menu Frenchification, with millinery technics, kitchen lore, and court yard phraseology, to say nothing of the newspaperese dialect, which can only be picked up by diligent service in the purlieus of palaces. We have had admirable examples in official life of the higher cult of European title-worship, and now the illustrated columns of Jenkinesque, gush with what we have been daily regaled anent the Marlborough festivities and afford ample evidence that the new art reportorial has permeated the profession to its base.

CREED-MAKING has a singular attraction for the type of mind least capable of the task. In fact, it can never be a task, it must be a growth. This exceedingly simple truth is too large to be seen by the good, easy, folk who find sweet comfort in humming to themselves beautiful words such as fatherhood, brotherhood, Mesopotamia and the like. Dr. Watson, whose pen-name is Ian Maclaren, has allowed his sentiment to allure his Scotch sense into the mists of dogmatic theology, which he seeks to dilute into a vagueness which borders on the meaningless. When he, or any other good Christian man submits for public acceptance his particular *credo* as a smooth, soft ball, without corners and lumps and prickles, it would seem to imply a mis-reading of the public mind and taste. Despite the tendency of the past half century to sink the letter and exalt the spirit of divine law as interpreted in conflicting creeds, experience demonstrates that the churches which have been doing the greatest amount of practical good are those which hold the more rigid faiths. People, generally, are not given to radical thought in any direction, which fact yields two distinct results; the readiness to co-operate with any and all churches in week-day philanthropies, with a singular reluctance to co-operate on Sundays with bodies of good people who carry their catholicism into their creeds.

THE PATHS OF PERIL AND SUCCESS.

ON THE eve of the assembling of Congress we find much to encourage, yet it cannot be ignored that there is much that threatens the ultimate success of those who, seeing the grave perils to our people growing out of an unjust distribution of the products of toil, are resolved to overthrow the monetary system that is responsible for such injustice—a system that aims at the enslavement of the many for the aggrandizement of the few.

Those who have earnestly striven for years to bring about their own enrichment through a systematic robbery of their debtors are few in number. They have achieved success only through their tact in gaining the unthinking assistance of a majority of the very men they have planned to despoil.

The further advancement of their plans to bring about a still further enhancement of the dollar, to their own enrichment and the impoverishment of their debtors, is dependent on the further success they may have in leading those who they would despoil of the products of their toil to assist in their own despoilment. By blinding those who have followed and aided them as to their true purpose and by sowing discord among those whom they have been unable to blind they have succeeded marvelously. It is more

than a score of years since they brought about, unseen and unheralded in the United States, without hint of the true purpose in Germany and without exciting comment in France, the demonetization of silver. The closing of the mints of the western world to silver being accomplished, increase in the volume of money was restricted to the gold supply. A doubled demand for coinage fell on gold, and gold commenced to grow more and more valuable in exchange for other products. Thus was inaugurated the fall in prices that has by slow degrees sapped the vitality of our producing classes, undermined the profits of industry and led to industrial stagnation, general suffering and growing poverty.

Unseen the dollar has grown dearer, and as it has grown dearer more of the products of labor have been taken to pay the interest and principal of debts, for debts call for dollars, not property. So the owners of debts have found themselves the possessors of more property year after year, and of necessity the debtors from which this property has been taken have found themselves the possessors of less. Of the products of labor the creditor has enjoyed more and the producer less just as the dollar has grown dearer. Thus has the purpose of the moneyed interests in demonetizing silver borne fruit.

But they are not yet content. They are bent on securing a still larger share of the products of labor. Hence a dearer dollar is wanted. To get a dearer dollar there is only one way, and that is to make it scarcer relatively to the demand. Prevent any expansion of the volume of currency in response to the growing demands of an increasing population, and the dollar will thus become relatively scarcer and grow dearer. But the moneyed interests are not satisfied with this. They do not want to wait for this slow process. They want to enjoy at once the increased fruits of others' toil that a dearer dollar will bring them, and it is to get this dearer dollar that they urge contraction of our currency, the making of the dollar scarcer by the retirement of greenbacks and Treasury notes.

They strive to blind their followers by telling them that no contraction is intended, that as greenbacks are retired bank notes will be substituted. So too, they strove to blind their followers by asserting that the closing of the mints to the free coinage of silver did not demonetize silver. And to prove this assertion they pointed to the silver in circulation filling the functions of money. But does the fact that silver circulates as money prove that it has not been demonetized? Demonetize means to destroy as money. Now by closing our mints to silver have we not destroyed as money the silver held in men's hands as bullion? Of course we have. Silver bullion cannot be used as money, it cannot be converted into money at the will of the owner as it could before the closing of the mints. Consequently the monetary demand does not fall on silver bullion. It used to fall on both gold and silver bullion because both metals were convertible into money, but it no longer falls on silver, for silver bullion can no longer be deposited at our mints for coinage.

True, the silver dollar has not been demonetized. It is money and it is because it is money that it is worth as much as the gold dollar although its bullion value is but 50 cents. Being money, the monetary demand falls upon it, and it is this demand, which is not shared by silver bullion, that makes $37\frac{1}{4}$ grains of silver as a dollar worth twice as much as the same weight of silver as bullion. But what is it that makes this dollar money? It is the stamp. Put this dollar under the hammer and erase the stamp and we have demonetized it. Just as much silver is there as before, but for the silver without the stamp there is not the same demand as for the silver with the stamp. But suppose we take the gold dollar. Put it under the hammer and erase the stamp. Have we demonetized it? Have we cut the demand for this gold without a stamp in half? Assuredly not. The demand for the gold without the stamp is no different than the demand for the gold with the stamp. Why? Because if we wish to use this gold bullion as money we can take it to the mint and have the stamp put upon it. So gold as bullion is just as good as gold as coin. Silver is not because we

cannot convert the bullion into coin. The silver dollar is not demonetized. No one qualified to discuss the subject ever said that it was. But silver, silver bullion, certainly is.

And now as to the retirement of the greenbacks and substitution of bank notes. Why do those who want a dearer dollar and urge the contraction of our currency to that end by the cancellation of greenbacks want to defeat such contraction by injecting bank notes into our currency? We answer they do not want to do so. They want bank currency for a far different purpose. By the retirement of our greenback currency and resulting contraction, debtors would be universally ruined. They would be unable to pay interest or principal on their loans and their property would be taken by their creditors. But this stage reached, a stage when they came into possession of the property of the country, what would the moneyed interests want. Currency contraction and lower prices? Assuredly not. Being now the owners of property they would want higher prices. In the face of falling prices they could no more get returns out of the property than could their ruined debtors from whom they had confiscated it. So it is not currency contraction but currency expansion that the moneyed interests would want.

How to get in position to bring about such expansion and still keep control of the volume of currency is the question that has confronted them. By securing the substitution of bank currency for national currency they would solve it. Having secured the property of their debtors they would not wish to assume the risks of production. They would want to sell it as quickly as possible, and at as high prices as possible. To bring these high prices they would need expansion and a cheaper dollar. But, having sold the property, accepting evidences of indebtedness given by the purchasers and secured by the property in part payment, they would not want prices to go on rising. No longer owners of property, but owners of debts, they would want prices to fall so as to make their debts more valuable. They would want their debts to grow, or, what would be the same thing, the money value of the property to fall until the property could not be sold for more than the face of the indebtedness, and the debtor could not pay interest.

Then, for the face of the indebtedness, they would take the property, when again the wheel having turned and finding themselves owners of property they would want a rise in prices which would enable them to dispose of their property at an advance. So what the moneyed interests want is a currency that they can alternatively expand and contract, and it is to get such a currency that they want bank currency substituted for national currency. Bank currency once made our medium of exchange, and subject to changes in value at the discretion of the speculative cliques controlling the banks, and the enslavement of our producing classes to a moneyed oligarchy, that would reap the fruits of their toil and reduce them to the slavery of abject poverty, would be complete.

Such is the peril that confronts our people. The direct path to such peril is currency contraction, retirement of greenbacks and treasury notes, and a substitution of bank currency at the discretion of the banks. Strenuously are the moneyed interests striving to gain the assistance, in furtherance of this scheme, of those whom they would despoil. In themselves they lack the strength. They can succeed only by the use of producers, who will be ruined by the carrying out of such policy, as their unthinking tools. But the men who have so blindly followed them up to this time along the road of contraction and falling prices are alarmed. They hesitate to follow further; their representatives in Congress are united as to no policy, and without unison they cannot accomplish anything towards currency contraction. In this there is much to encourage those who have just met with reverse, but are resolved to strive with redoubled effort to disenthroned the monetary system of an appreciating dollar that grinds our producing classes down to poverty. From the chaos in the

camp of those whom the contractionists are striving to beat into blind tools we gather strength. Of the weakness they display we must take advantage; we must gather recruits from their ranks; we have the opportunity and we must not let it pass.

To gather fruits from the chaos as to purpose that is apparent in the ranks of those who joined together to defeat free coinage, we must marshal our forces. There is chaos in our own camp; out of chaos we must bring order or we can accomplish nothing. We flatter ourselves that we are guided by motives of patriotism, that we work not from selfish motives, not from the expectation of recompense of either place or gold, but that our efforts are prompted by a sincere desire to ameliorate the condition of our producing classes and save our people from the yawning chasm of poverty that threatens to engulf them. If we are worthy of this high ideal which we have set for ourselves, order can readily be brought out of chaos. If we would make our resistance to the encroachments of the moneyed interests successful, if our uppermost, our guiding motive is an earnest desire to baffle all efforts pointing to the contraction of our currency, the substitution of bank currency and the enslavement of our people to a moneyed oligarchy, built on the impoverishment of our producing classes, then there will be no bickerings born of jealousy in our ranks, there will be no effort to promote the interests of parties or individuals, but a harmonious working of parties and individuals to promote a common end.

We need not only unity of purpose but unity of methods. Even if agreed as to purpose and end to be achieved, nothing will be accomplished if each man goes blindly forth to fight the battle on his own hook. There must be a frank understanding between all those opposed to a monetary system that has for a cardinal principle an appreciating measure of value. There must be no working at cross purposes, no waste of strength, no internecine quarrels. If we would succeed we must leave such quarrels to our opponents. There is no path to success save unity, both as to the end to be achieved and methods to achieve it. The battle must not be fought on random lines. The plan of resistance to the attacks of the moneyed interests must be agreed upon.

If we work out our plans in harmony, if we learn to know one another, we will succeed. If we mistrust one another we will fail. In the next House there will be a handful of former Republicans, devoted to American principles, and who abandoned the Republican party when that party acknowledged America's subservieny to Great Britain, there will be a score of Populists and five times as many Democrats. In the Senate the parties working for American independence will be divided along the same lines but more equally.

Outside of Congress we find the same division. The supporters of American independence are drawn from all parties.

Democrats must come to look upon Populists and old Republicans who abandoned the party when it abandoned its principles, not as members of different parties to be held at arms' length, but as members of one grand party superior to any existent party and comprising all. Populists and Republicans, who are not of the McKinley stripe, must reciprocate; it is as Americans, not as partisans that we must treat one another. Above the narrow bounds of partisanship we must rise. Unless we do, nothing can be accomplished. We do not ask that Populists or Democrats or Republicans—who have principles though no longer a home—should abandon their principles. It would be wrong for them to do so. But let us not defeat the end upon which we are all agreed by quarrelling among ourselves. We must not divide our forces in the face of our opponents. Discord is an insidious poison that will destroy our power for good. We must guard against it, for the success of our efforts to bring about the disenthralment of our producing classes from the yoke that grinds them down is dependent upon our so doing.

We must not make ourselves the tools of the contractionists by quarrelling among ourselves.

LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE.

THE hope of business revival bred of Mr. Kinley's election gives place to disappointment, and disappointment, on the part of those manufacturers who, upon ill-advised anticipation of orders, started up their mills, deepens into despair. Starting mills on orders not in hand, but rashly counted upon, is a business fraught with danger to those who must needs borrow money to carry on production and who are dependent on the sale of the products of their mills for the payment of their indebtedness. Anticipated orders not materializing, manufacturers who have started up their mills on hope, see ruin staring them in the face, for the expected market for the products of their newly-started mills failing them they see full well that they will be left without the means of paying the indebtedness created in the process of production.

So it is that as day after day passes without any apparent increase of demand, hope gives place to disappointment and disappointment to despair. That such would be the results of Mr. McKinley's election we foresaw and of the dangers to manufacturers of chasing the McKinley rainbow of promise we have given warning time and again. But manufacturers have not heeded our warning. They have followed Mr. McKinley, they have blindly accepted the promises of prosperity so freely scattered by the gold press, they have done their part to bring about his election, and, having achieved success in the election of Mr. McKinley, they have proceeded, so far as may be, to act on the promised prosperity, preparing for the anticipated increased demand for their goods by starting up their mills. Luckily for themselves, many manufacturers have been prevented from following out their desires by inability to command the money needed to start or enlarge the output of their mills, and so there has been no general revival built on a hope that has taken deep root with manufacturers but has no substantial basis upon which to rest.

But some men, blinded followers of Mr. McKinley, believing in him as the advance agent of prosperity and regarding his election as the sure forerunner of an increased demand for manufactured goods of all kinds, have started up their mills. Their number has been limited, and it is but a short time since they hopefully started to build on orders "sure to come," but which are yet in prospect. They have already come to regret their course.

"Confidence in a revival of demand, which has not yet appeared, was responsible for the starting up of some mills and factories which are dissatisfied with their prospects." Such was the summing up of the industrial situation by *Bradstreet's* on Saturday last, a journal that cannot be accused of calamity howling. The truth is bitter but it best be told.

Just as this hope of a revival of demand for manufactured goods is put off, confidence disappears, to be inevitably followed by restriction of production, caution and despair. So the prospect of industrial revival is dark enough, for there is no ground for the anticipation of any revival in demand for the products of mill and factory. Roughly the community is divided into two classes, those engaged in the production of food and raw materials and those engaged in the fabrication of such raw products. Now those engaged in the fabrication of raw materials produce a quantity of clothing and manufactured goods much beyond their needs. This surplus they must dispose of. They must buy with it the food they must have to enable them to continue in their occupation of turning the raw products of the earth into articles fitted for the use of man. In short, they must sell their surplus products to the agricultural classes. If they cannot find a market in the farming classes for such surplus they cannot get the food they need, they must leave their workshops and mills, go back to old mother earth and endeavor to extract from the soil with their unskilled hands the means of a livelihood.

The very possibility of a diversification of industries is then dependent upon the ability of the agricultural classes to sell their products so as to place them in position to purchase manufactured goods. And unfortunately our farmers do not find themselves in position to purchase manufactured goods as of old. In raising a quantity of food far and beyond their own needs, they have no difficulty. Their harvests have been as bountiful of late years as ever. They have raised just as much off the acre, and they have just as much to sell as they had in years of prosperity when they bought freely of the products of mill and factory. But while they have just as much to sell they do not get as much money by far. And of the money they do get they have a smaller portion that they can call their own.

Twenty years ago a farmer raised a thousand bushels of wheat. For this wheat he got a round \$1,000, out of which he had to pay \$200 as taxes and interest on a mortgage he had executed to get the money needed to buy himself needed tools and machinery and place a roof over the heads of his family and his stock. Of the money he got for his crop he had eighty per cent for his own use. He prospered. In the year of 1896 this farmer raised a 1,000 bushels of wheat. His fields yielded him as bountifully as ever. He took this 1,000 bushels of wheat and strive as he would, \$500 was all that he could get for it. Still he fancied if wheat had so fallen, everything else had fallen so that his 1,000 bushels of wheat, though bringing but half as much money as twenty years before, would provide him with as much of the products of others as before. But not so. Two hundred dollars was the sum still required to meet taxes and interest on his mortgage. Instead of having 80 per cent of the money received for his crop for his own use he had but 60. So his share in the crop was cut down by one fourth. Moreover when he came to supply himself with his wants he found that the prices asked had not fallen proportionately with the prices received for the products of his soil. He bought at retail; he sold at wholesale, and retail prices as is ever the case, adjust themselves much more slowly to changed conditions than wholesale.

The experience of this farmer is the experience of our agricultural classes. The fall in prices has impoverished them. They have comparatively but little money to spend, their purchases of manufactured goods are restricted and so manufacturers are disappointed in the market for their goods. They feel the impoverishment of the farmer.

Until the farming classes get more money from the sale of the products of their fields, there can be no revival of demand for manufactured goods, and manufacturers who have built on an expected revival of demand as the outcome of Mr. McKinley's election will have a bitter road to travel, for in Mr. McKinley's election there is no promise of better prices for farm products. But when we lay down the axiomatic truth that farmers cannot spend more than they receive and from this reason that as Mr. McKinley's election gives no promise of better prices for farm products there can be no revival in demand for manufactured goods, we are told by the gold contractionists that we are building on false assumptions, that prices of agricultural products are tending upwards, that farmers have received more for their crops and will have more to spend. But have they. Let us see.

The rise in the price of wheat is pointed to. The price of wheat is a good twenty cents a bushel above that ruling at this time last year. But has this rise gone into the farmer's pocket? Not all of it by far, for much wheat was harvested, thrashed and sold by the farmers before the rise in wheat that has marked the autumn, set in. Perhaps half of the wheat crop had passed out of the farmer's hands before the price had materially risen above that of last year. So we must halve the apparent advantage to the farmer from the rise in price. But there is a very substantial reason for the rise in price and much of this reason is found at home. Last year our wheat harvest, according to the Agricultural Department reports, came to 467,102,947 bushels for which our

farmers got an average price of 50.9 cents a bushel or a total of \$237,938,998. This year the crop is in the neighborhood of 400,000,000 bushels. Wheat is now worth 20 cents a bushel more on the farm than last year; worth say an average price of 70 cents instead of 50.9 cents. At 70 cents our wheat harvest would have brought our farmers \$280,000,000, which is \$40,000,000 more than last year. They would if they had realized this price, have \$40,000,000 more to spend for manufactures, as the result of their wheat harvest, this year than last. But as we have already said much of this year's harvest was sold at no material advance in price over last year. It is fair to assume that the twenty cent rise in price was realized by our farmers on but half the crop. If such was the case the wheat crop of this year was worth no more to the farmer than the wheat crop of last.

But the wheat crop is not the only crop the farmer raises. It is not even the most important. The corn crop is worth double the wheat crop. So it is of primary importance to see where the farmer will stand on his corn crop. The harvest last year was 2,151,130,580 bushels. Indications are that the crop of this year is about of the same size. But how about the price? Last year the average farm value was 26.4 cents a bushel, a total value for the whole crop of \$567,509,106. This year the farm price will work out somewhere around twenty cents a bushel, which will make the crop worth something like \$430,000,000—a loss to the farmer of \$130,000,000 over last year. The farmer will gain nothing in the value of his oats crop, and while the cotton crop is larger than last year the price is lower, so that the planter will get little if anything more for his big crop of this year than the smaller one of last. Pork and kindred products are materially lower than last year, and the price of wool is unchanged, while the clip is smaller. It is quite clear from the foregoing that instead of having more to spend for manufactured goods this year than last the farmer will have less, and having less, his purchases of manufactured goods will be even more restricted.

But what of the future? Is there hope for higher prices in the year to come? We fail to see that there is any. Next year there may be short harvests in India, Australia and Russia, as there have been this. But a repetition of crop failures abroad cannot be counted on to keep wheat up to the level that short crops at home as well as abroad have forced it this year. And if ordinary crops are harvested, as we may expect, prices will fall backward unless conditions affecting the markets for our products materially change.

So the question is brought down to a question of market. Will Mr. McKinley's election and pursuit of the financial policy that we have staggered under for so long, bring us a broader market for our wheat and cotton, etc.? If it will, our farmers and planters will get better prices and getting better prices will increase their purchases of manufactured goods. But is it reasonable to expect changed results from pursuit by Mr. McKinley of the same policy that led to accentuated competition for the markets of Europe, and lower prices for our agricultural products, when pursued by Mr. Cleveland? The same policy will work out the same results with Mr. McKinley as with Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Cleveland, by throwing additional monetary burdens on gold and of necessity increasing the demand for gold, caused that metal to appreciate and inversely everything as measured in gold to fall in price. If Mr. McKinley follows in Mr. Cleveland's footsteps and causes gold to further appreciate there can be no escape from a further fall in prices.

Mr. Cleveland, when he came into office in 1893, continued the policy inaugurated by Mr. Harrison and Mr. Foster of paying the Sherman notes, at the option of the noteholder, in gold. These notes had been regarded as silver certificates. In issuing them for the purchase of silver the intention was to use such silver as a basis for their redemption. But such basis was discarded, and they were thrown for support on the gold reserve which had theretofore been regarded as the basis for our greenback currency.

All this Mr. Harrison did. Mr. Cleveland accepted it and went further. He refused to regard silver as a metal fit to be used for redemption. He caused Mr. Carlisle to announce that if necessary to keep the silver certificates at a par with gold he would cause their redemption in such metal.

So was our currency placed on a gold, instead of a joint gold and silver basis. Meanwhile silver was further discriminated against as a money metal by the closing of the Indian mints to free silver coinage and the cessation of silver purchases by our government. The result was, silver fell as measured by gold and yet it maintained its purchasing power in silver using countries as measured by their agricultural products. Of necessity the gold prices for all such products fell just as the gold price of silver. So falling, the debt paying power of our products was greatly curtailed. By exportation of products we failed to meet our indebtedness. Hence gold exports became necessary, for in view of the unpromising condition of our industries, our foreign creditors refused to invest in American securities. The gold thus exported was obtained from the National treasury by the redemption of greenbacks and treasury notes. Of course the gold reserve ran down. Then to replenish it came the sale of bonds for gold. The United States entered the market to buy gold in large amounts, the demand for gold was of necessity increased and of course it appreciated.

Now what is McKinley going to do to undo all this work done by Mr. Cleveland with the view of increasing the demand for gold and causing gold to appreciate? If he does nothing, gold will go on appreciating and prices falling. And then there can be no revival, no revival of demand for manufactured goods, no prosperity. There are but three courses he can take. He may leave things as they are, when bond issue will follow bond issue, as in the past, for if we do not contract our currency to the narrow gold basis, our money volume will be automatically contracted by the exportation of gold, which, leading to the exhaustion of our gold reserve, will call for the sale of bonds for gold with which to replenish it; he may contract our currency by retiring greenbacks and treasury notes, or he may pursue the opposite course and place our top heavy currency system on a firm basis by building up the foundation on which it rests in place of pulling down the toppling superstructure,—a top heavy superstructure made so by the discarding of silver.

The first two courses mean contraction, further enhancement in the value of gold and falling prices. The latter means a cheapening of gold and rise in prices. But unfortunately Mr. McKinley was elected to oppose just this course and we cannot expect him to turn on those who elected him as a gold contractionist and use his power to overthrow the gold standard.

It is then a further fall in prices that the future has in store for us. Lower prices, our agriculturalists may expect, and so long as our farmers and planters get low prices for their products our manufacturers need not look for any revival of demand for their goods. The prospect of their immediate future is dark enough, but, if, profiting by our misfortunes, we will prepare ourselves to overthrow the direful system of an appreciating dollar that has been made the instrument by the moneyed interests to bring about their own aggrandizement, and the enslavement of our producing classes, we will not have suffered in vain.

SOME EFFECTS OF INDIA'S FAMINE.

IN India's misfortunes we find our profit. But little sympathy goes forth to the famine-stricken ryot in his sufferings. We regret the crop failures of the ryot for his own sake, but we rejoice in such crop failures for our own. Our regret for the Indian ryot is perfunctory, our rejoicing in the cumulative effects of his sufferings are real. Our satisfaction arising out of the broadened market for our wheat harvest suffers no diminution from the fact that this broadened market is built on the sufferings

of our fellow men. To felicitate one another on the sufferings of the Indian ryot would not be Christian, but we lose sight of the ryot's sufferings in the advantages accruing to our pockets from the inability of this Indian farmer to export wheat to the European markets to be sold in competition with the products of our farms, an inability growing directly out of his misfortunes.

Of the severity of the drought that has led to the Indian crop failures, of the breadth of area affected, of the degree of scarcity in different sections, and of the number of ryots suffering from crop failures and without means to avert starvation save such as the government may be able to extend, we can, as yet, form no accurate judgment. But what we do know is that India has been taken for the time being out of the list of grain exporting countries. What we do know is that India is in no shape to respond to the British demands for wheat, and that as a result the demand for wheat has fallen with accentuated force on the other wheat exporting nations. Moreover, this is about all our trading community cares to know about the Indian crop failures. India, instead of being a seller, is to be a buyer of wheat to a limited extent. That is all those interested in finding a market for our wheat care to know.

So it is that the failure of the Indian harvests have led to increased inquiry for the wheat of other wheat-growing nations. The British consumer needs no less wheat because of the crop failures in India and the diminished supply of wheat. The trader engaged in supplying his wants has to look elsewhere. And where has he to look? To the United States, to Argentine, to Russia, to Australia. But Australia, which has supplied him with something like 7,000,000 bushels of wheat a year, is not in position to fill any orders whatsoever. Her wheat crops have failed and she cannot export any wheat at all. Indeed, she is importing wheat from California. Russia, too, has apparently a smaller surplus than usual for disposal.

And when the British trader turns to Argentine it is only to find exchange has turned against him, and that as a consequence he must give more gold for wheat purchased from Argentine, although the Argentinian asks no more paper pesos in payment. The premium on gold in Argentine last year was about 230 per cent.: to-day it is only about 183. In other words, last year 100 pesos in gold would buy 330 pesos in paper; to day but 283. So to get the same price for his wheat to-day as last year the Argentinian must ask about seventeen per cent. more in gold. And the Argentinian is not prepared to take a smaller price in pesos this year than last, for though the peso is worth more in gold, it has taken just as many of these dearer pesos to cover the cost of production as it took of the cheaper. So he wants the same number of dearer pesos as he wanted of the cheaper pesos. And as these pesos cost the British trader seventeen per cent. more in gold, the difference in exchange of this year over last makes the cost of wheat bought from the Argentinian seventeen per cent. greater.

So the failure of Indian and Australian crops and the fall in the premium on gold in Argentine have combined to accentuate the demand for our wheat. The result has been to greatly stimulate our exports of wheat to say nothing of other food stuffs for which the demand has grown in sympathy. All of this has resulted in building up enormous favorable trade balances during the past few months, which balances have been of material assistance to our exchange bankers in keeping in this country the gold they borrowed in London last summer.

It will be recalled that in the months of August, September and October last we imported over \$70,000,000 of gold. In October the merchandise balance of trade was in our favor by \$63,011,822, while for the ten months ending with October the balance in our favor was no less than \$206,985,482. The balance of trade is still strongly in our favor, but the demand for drafts to be remitted to London in anticipation of interest payments is so great that exchange is quite firm around par. Those with interest payments to make in London during the early part of the

coming year and feeling confident that drafts purchased around the first of the year will cost considerably more than now, have, we are told, taken time by the forelock, purchasing drafts on London payable sixty days after date at the comparatively low rates now ruling. These drafts being considered good collateral for loans, and the rate of interest being low, even those with slender resources of their own find it within their power to buy these drafts.

To what extent such drafts have been bought there is no means of telling. If they have been bought to any material extent they will serve to check the outflow of gold that usually becomes pronounced in January and February. The reason for the accentuated outward flow of gold in those months is that the large payments of interest in January make a great demand for remittances, a demand that can be ill supplied by any balance placed to our credit by an excess of merchandise exports over imports. If "long bills" have been purchased by those having in view their use to meet interest payments in January, their purchase and hoarding represents simply a purpose to use the favorable balances placed to our credit during the past month to meet the interest payments of January.

So we see how it is we have the Indian famine to thank for the check, to some degree, of gold exports. The failure of the wheat harvests in India and Australia and the fall in the premium on gold in Argentine has enabled us to dispose of the surplus of wheat carried over from last year and at rising prices. Thus has a phenomenally large trade balance been built up during the past few months that has gone far towards the payment of our foreign indebtedness accruing from freights due foreign shippers, interest on our foreign debt and expenditures of our people abroad.

But a continuance of the present large excess of exports over imports is out of the question. This excess is bound to fall off in the months to come, and as it falls off we will have difficulty in providing for the payment of our foreign indebtedness without exporting gold. And gold we will export unless the drafts said to have been drawn on London lately in anticipation of a demand for gold for shipment in January and February come on the market in large volume. The putting off of exports of gold is largely dependent on the sum total of these drafts, but sooner or later gold exports must come unless we do something to raise the prices we realize for our exports, and by so doing make possible the payment of our indebtedness by the export of our surplus products. But there is only one way to raise these prices, and that way Mr. McKinley will not take, for it is none other than the restoration of bimetalism.

But wheat is not the only one of our products the demand for which has been stimulated by the Indian famine. We refer not to increased demand for other cereal crops which may be placed in the same category with wheat, but to an increased demand for silver which has served to hold firm the price of silver bullion.

The Indian government has borrowed much money in England. The interest payments which it must make in London, in gold or its equivalent, are large. Now India has no gold which she can send to London in payment. To meet the gold interest charges she must buy gold or its equivalent. This gold the Indian government must buy with its taxes. Now how does it go about it? Taxes are paid into the Calcutta Treasury in silver. This silver must be made available for the payment of gold indebtedness in London.

If the merchandise balance of trade was against India, this silver could only be made available by selling it for gold,—that is by throwing it on the British markets for sale. But the balance of trade is not against India. If it had been, India would have been bankrupted long since. As a matter of fact the balance of trade is much in India's favor. India sells much more than she buys. Consequently those engaged in the Indian trade have constant need of remittances to India to settle the balances due. Of

this the Indian government takes advantage. It sells these traders, for gold or its equivalent, drafts drawn on the Calcutta treasury and payable out of the silver tax moneys. These drafts are known as India Council Bills. The gold realized from their sale is kept in London for the payment of interest charges. In this way the Indian government has generally succeeded in effecting her interest payments by making use of the excess of exports from India over imports.

But the failure of the wheat crop and the impending famine has called for extraordinary disbursements on the part of the Indian government, while on the other hand, the return of silver into the Calcutta treasury from tax levies has been much retarded by the impoverishment of the people. So the Indian government finds itself unable to provide for the cashing of Council Bills. Of necessity their issue in London must be restricted, and their issue being restricted it becomes a serious question with the Indian government how to provide for the payment in London of its gold interest charges.

But while the offerings of Council Bills are thus restricted the demand is little checked, for, although the export of Indian produce is much curtailed by the crop failures the impoverishment of the people leads to reduced imports, the result of which is to leave a large balance that must be remitted to India by the British trader. Council Bills failing him he must find another means for remittance. Before the closing of the Indian mints to free coinage, June 26th, 1893, he could have made his payments by the export of silver bullion. But now he cannot have silver bullion converted into silver rupees. Silver bullion is no good to him. He must have the coin. Now how to get this coin. The Indian government holds itself prepared to supply silver rupees in exchange for gold. It will give the British trader, with payments to make, new silver rupees at the rate of one silver rupee for sixteen pence in gold. The silver in the rupee costing at the present price of silver but 10.3 pence in gold this is a very profitable operation for the Indian government.

To supply these silver rupees, in exchange for gold, the Indian government must coin silver; to coin silver it must buy silver. Indian exchange is almost at that point, where this exchange of gold for rupees would be profitable, and so there is immediate prospect of an increased demand for silver on the part of the Indian government for coinage into rupees.

This operation would provide the British trader with the needed means of payment, but it would not provide the Indian government with the means of meeting its interest payments, for the gold it received in exchange for rupees it would have to spend in large part for the purchase of silver. To get this means of payment there seems to be only one way open and that is for the Indian government to borrow, in London, the needed gold. An issue of £2,000,000 sterling bills that were retired last spring with the privilege of re-issuing them is already contemplated and further sterling loans are likely to follow.

Such a loan made, and there being an urgent demand for Council Bills for remittance to India it would be to the profit of the Indian government to purchase silver with this loan, send it to India, coin it into rupees and then issue Council Bills to the British traders in need of remitting to India. From the sale of these Council Bills would be accumulated the fund to meet the interest payments. By this proceeding the necessity on the part of the British traders of sending gold to India to be exchanged for silver would be obviated, and for relief from this burdensome means of effecting payments the British traders with remittances to make would be more than willing to pay an extra price for the more convenient Council Bills. This profit would accrue to the Indian government, as would the seignorage on the coinage of silver purchased at a rate of about 10.3 pence per 165 grains, the weight of silver in the rupee, and coined at the value of 16.

So we see how on the score of an increased demand for silver as well as for wheat the Indian famine has accrued to our advan-

tage. India's misfortunes have broadened the markets, both for our wheat and silver, have raised the price of wheat and upheld that of silver. From India's misfortunes we have reaped benefits.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

DON'T crowd! this world is large enough
For you as well as me;
The doors of art are open wide,
The realm of thought is free.
Of all earth's places, you are right
To choose the best you can,
Provided that you do not try
To crowd some other man.

What matter though you scarce can count
Your piles of golden ore,
While he can hardly strive to keep
Gaunt famine from the door?
Of willing hands and honest hearts
Alone should men be proud!
Then give him all the room he needs,
And never try to crowd.

Don't crowd, proud miss! your dainty silk
Will glisten none the less
Because it comes in contact with
A beggar's tattered dress;
This lovely world was never made
For you and me alone;
A pauper has a right to tread
The pathway to a throne.

Don't crowd the good from out your heart
By fostering all that's bad,
But give to every virtue room—
The best that may be had;
Be each day's record such a one
That you may well be proud;
Give each his right, give each his room,
And never try to crowd.

—Alice Cary.

Power exercised with violence has seldom been of long duration, but temper and moderation generally produce permanence in all things.

We all love gracious people. They are the ones who set us at our ease in any kind of society. We lose our self-consciousness in their presence and they bring out the best that is in us. They all have an abundance of friends who are not passing acquaintances, merely, but genuine friends.

Nearly everybody has heard of the gracious sweetness of "Dolly" Madison, once the "first lady in the land." It is said that an awkward country youth, whose mother she had once known, attended one of her receptions. Seeing him standing aloof she approached, making some pleasant remark. The young man was so startled at being addressed by the wife of the president, that he put the cup and saucer, which he held in his hand, in his pocket. Without seeming to notice his embarrassment, Mrs. Madison said: "You have spilled your coffee. Let me get you another cup." This she did with her own hands, thus giving the young man a chance to extricate the cup and recover his composure. When she returned, she began talking with him, in a perfectly natural way, about his mother, and he was soon chatting with her like an old acquaintance.

Paris is the paradise of the dressmaker. There are in the city 70,000 persons who make articles of women's dress and 65,000 dressmakers. It has been estimated that the yearly amount earned in this business there is over \$250,976,000.

Since there are so many women who will not accept dress reform, they would do well to take a hint from the French women. The majority of American girls put on a corset at the first toilet of the day, and wear it until they disrobe at night. Not so with madame. An Empire girdle, scarcely more than a wide belt, goes with her morning toilet; it is discarded for a perfectly fitted, longer corset to accompany the street gown; the Empire girdle is again called into use with the afternoon tea gown, and the evening dress has its own short, supple corset. This may account for the figures which have made the French women famous. With all their appearance of tight lacing they really suffer less discomfort than their American sisters.

The poorest girls in the world are those not taught to work. There are thousands of them. Rich parents have petted them, and they have been taught to despise labor and to depend upon others for a living and are perfectly helpless. The most forlorn women belong to this class.

It is the duty of parents to protect their daughters from this deplorable condition. They do them a great wrong if they neglect it.

Every daughter should be taught to earn her own living. The rich, as well as the poor, require this training. The wheel of fortune rolls swiftly around; the rich are likely to become poor and the poor rich. Skill added to labor is no disadvantage to the rich, and is indispensable to the poor.

Well-to-do parents must educate their daughters to work. No reform is more imperative than this.

A WORD WITH THE DOCTOR.

WHEN finger nails are dry and break easily, rub vaseline on them at night and after washing the hands with soap or ammonia.

The woman with the headache is a creature to be pitied. Generally she could help it if she would, for a headache is simply nature's revenge for some crime against it. It comes usually from overeating, undereating or irregular eating, which causes indigestion, and gases on the stomach cause pressure on the brain, and that causes the very worst of headaches.

The most trying time for a sick person is between the hours of one and four in the morning. Vitality becomes diminished, and the strength should therefore be fortified as far as possible with some strong food, either soup or egg or milk, about midnight. The nurse should always make the meals look as tempting as possible, with snowy serviettes, sparkling glass and always a flower or two in a dainty vase. Even a spray of mignonette will often work wonders in interesting or pleasing the patient. These small details are too often omitted by the nurse on the plea of not having time to see to them, but they ought to be considered as essential to the progress of the patient as the punctual administration of the medicine itself. Often they are more potent than this last. It is very certain, too, that the nurse who would find such details of her service irksome is no true nurse, and ought not to be intrusted with the care of a sick person. Further, it is a mistake to leave untouched food by a person's bedside in the hope that it will be eaten later on. The patient will simply be disgusted with food altogether.

The natural antidote for weak nerves is the healthy development of the muscles—that is, of the general muscular system instead of special muscles only. This can only be done by active exercise in the open air, which thoroughly oxygenates the blood and wastes the muscular tissues, thus preparing them to be replenished from the food elements in the blood. This constant waste and rebuilding are vital processes that measure vitality and efficiency. When these go on healthfully, nervousness is never present except by some flagrant abuse of the digestive functions, some unwise drain of a vital fluid, or some exhausting tension of the mind. Therefore, steer clear of these and give proper attention to the muscles, and nervousness will be avoided.

Don't leave bureau drawers open in the sick room, not even a crack, and don't tuck something behind something else to be put in its proper place an hour hence. The restless eye of your invalid will find it. If she is patient and long suffering it will cause her another effort of forbearance; if she is not, the result need not be dwelt upon.

Nature takes the time when one is lying down to give the heart rest, and that organ consequently makes ten strokes less a minute than when one is in an upright posture. Multiply that by sixty minutes and it is 600 strokes. Therefore in eight hours spent in lying down the heart is saved nearly 5,000 strokes, and as the heart pumps six ounces of blood with each stroke it lifts 30,000 ounces less of blood in a night of eight hours spent in bed than when one is in an upright position. As the blood flows so much more slowly through the veins when one is lying down, extra covering is needed to supply the body with the warmth usually furnished by circulation.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A CHILD OF THE JAGO. By Arthur Morrison. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co. \$1.50

On the assumption that a considerable section of the public are always hankering after low-life novels a book of this sort may be tolerated as a concession to the prevalent strong weakness for the morbid, but the thing should be turned out by an artist in his line. It is one thing to carve a life-like nude figure out of dead marble, and quite another to fix up a human cadaver to imitate life. To drop metaphor and come to business, this bold book of low-life is a silly exaggeration in its conception and construction, untrue to facts, untrue to character, and radically bad in style as in tendency. The Jago is, or was, a den of vice in the heart of Bethnal Green, which everybody knows is in the East End of London. This slum was pulled down some years ago in the process of city improvement. It is represented, for the purpose of tickling the prejudices of those who know little of their own big towns and less of London, as having been the very, very, very wickedest slum of all the slums that ever were known or unknown. The child of this Jago district is a lad whose father, a burglar, ultimately hanged for murder, trains him as a thief. The lad gets saved from the certainty of a similar doom by being stabbed to death in a street fight in the bloom of his early promise. Loathsome as this sort of fancy chronicle of vulgar crime is, duty compelled the reading of it, which would have been more tolerable if the chronicling of character and slang had been done by an ordinary London newspaper reporter, who is not permitted to give free flight to his picturesque imaginings by his common sense editor. Knowing by long and intimate personal intercourse with the slum folk of Bethnal Green how ludicrous a caricature this book is of them and their ways, how unfair it is to the East London poor as a class, it is impossible to dismiss it with the brevity which would suffice for its merits.

As a fact every large town, one might omit the large, has precisely the same black spots as London, Paris, New York and every metropolis has, only they are not generally known. Distance lends enchantment, foul as well as fair. There is a Whitechapel within a mile of the east, west, north and south centres of every town in Christendom, and while in one aspect it is a blessing, in another it is a disgrace that the discovery has not been proclaimed from the housetops. The wanton mischief, and the stupidity, of stories of this sort is that they purposely single out the worst phase of the low life they superficially explore to exploit, and set it forth as a fair sample of the local community as a whole. We can see the callow youth and maiden, young and elderly, gaping in delicious horror at the shocking heathenism of East London, forever famous as the stalking ground of immortal murderers. For these intellectual devourers of high-priced dime dreadfuls Mr. Morrison's Jago book is admirably suited. It is not to be lightly entrusted to the reading of grown men, clerical or medical, who know what life among the city poor actually is and have an eye to statistics and census returns. They could not enjoy it, the honest newspaper reporter could not stand it, but it will be capital fun for them when they are in the mood.

The Punch and Judy puppets that are put up in place of characters are careful distortions of Dickens' models, just as the book itself, and its very title, are brazen travesties of Zangwill's *Children of the Ghetto*, with a good many leaves borrowed from George Moore and Zola. The English diction patronized by the author is too beautiful to be plain prose yet not within miles of the poetical. The penny-a-liner is by many supposed to be a species of reporter long extinct, but this is a mistake. The book opens thus. "It was past the mid of a summer night in the old Jago. The narrow street was all the blacker for the lurid sky, for there was a fire in a further part of Shoreditch and the welkin was in an infernal coppery glare." Now, despite his delusion that "lurid" means red, whereas it means pale yellow, the eloquent author might have budded out into Morrisonian Jago poetry easily, if only he had made a real good try. See how near he comes.

It was past the mid of a summer night
In the Jago old and shy,
The narrow street was blackened quite
By the pale-red-yellow sky,
For away up Shoreditch, Oh and alas!
A furious fire did flare,
And the welkin (what's a welkin?) was
An infernal coppery glare.

Chorus.

Singing Jago! Jago! rice and sago!
Spin yarns tough enough—
They may go, may go!

The author's cheap sneers at the "Pansophical Institutes" and "East End Elevation Mission" show that he is either quite ignorant of the substantial good accomplished by self sacrificing men and women of the laity among these poor, and of such ministers as Gen. Booth, of the Salvation Army, who labored like a hero within gunshot of the Jago as an obscure Primitive Methodist preacher long years before he founded his army, or the author is one of the Pharisee clan who scorn the inferior Samaritans. When he makes his Ritualistic parson a bit of a pugilist, and shows him in the act of throwing a pot of beer in the face of an insolently satirical parishioner, he insults the clergy, who always act as gentlemen even if they are not winged saints. And any East London minister who should play the part of police detective would from that instant lose his moral influence. A number of minor faults of mis-used slang, would-be smart spelling, and slovenly proof reading add to the unpleasantness of the story as a story and of the nasty tone in the telling. Frequent reference is made, for instance, to a tavern known as the "Bag of Nails." There never was such a tavern sign in all England, but there are many with the name "Bag o' Nails," because it is simply a corruption of the old sign "the Bacchanals," and the "of" ruins the meaning. It may be, however, that Chicago printers are precise in the full spelling of their prepositions. The printing is exquisitely done, as is the rule with all the books issued by this house, a dainty "rivulet of text meandering through a meadow of margin" so broad that the book is the best half of a blank-book, and the margins are better than the text for the sensible reader to peruse.

BRIEF NOTICES.

SOME WOMEN'S WAYS. By Mary Angela Dickens. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co. \$1.25.

The grand-daughter of Charles Dickens, daughter of the late Charles Dickens, Jr., who came over on a lecturing tour a few years ago, might be expected to manifest literary ambition, and in these nine short stories she has fairly justified her effort. If we are not mistaken Miss Dickens was for some time a member of Wilson Barrett's company in the Princess' Theatre, London, where she displayed the same winning ways she so cleverly depicts in these stories, though life's shadows are equally well illustrated. The various types of womankind and their ways make a gallery of interesting portrait studies. The authoress should try her hand at a novel.

IN BUNCOMBE COUNTY. By Maria Louise Pool. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co. \$1.25.

The merits of this very agreeable and amusing story of adventure entitle the book to the pretty get-up of it, from typography to the cover. Miss Pool has won her spurs by earlier work of high quality, her key note then inclining to the tragic. This time her vein is merry, though with her natural note of seriousness never long unheard. The sunny atmosphere of the South suits her as well as that of New England, at least while under its cheery influence, as these racy pages amply show. It is good to have such a book as this at hand to sandwich in between the heavy and dreary social problem novels which the public pretend to enjoy. No one can be the worse, but decidedly the better, in every way, for allowing Miss Pool a chance to beguile a dull afternoon with her brightly written sketches, so natural, yet out of the common.

A MATTER OF TEMPERAMENT. By E. Irenæus Stevenson. New York: American Publishers' Corporation. \$1.00.

Since the dismal *Kreutzer Sonata* novel of Tolstoi there have been several attempts at mixing up music and morals with life stories, with intent to shift responsibility from conscience to some piano or fiddle. Undoubtedly it is as easy for some weak natures to get crazy drunk on music as for others to achieve the same end by alcohol, and there is really nothing to brag about in the supposed new discovery that one may drink damnation by the ear as well as by the mouth. The bugle and drum have slain their tens of thousands just as effectually as the razor, the gun, or the whiskey bottle. There is more than a touch of unreality in these would-be realistic tales. The heroes and heroines have to be made so invertebrate, as victims of the seductive charms of music, and the evil influence of sweet sounds must be so exaggerated that the average reader is apt to lose interest in the one and the other. The wickedest influence of music, if it had any such, would amount to nothing at all if the weak-headed victim listened

to it alone by himself, or in the company of his own sex. But the extreme susceptibility pre-supposed in these imaginary cases would be a sure sign of incipient lunacy, to be dealt with in the least romantic manner. Hence we cannot wax very enthusiastic over such novels as this, though fully acknowledging the author's mastery of his subject and the knack of graphic story-telling. Many besides musical persons will find Mr. Stevenson's gloomy arraignment of music fascinating reading, without endorsing the philosophy which loads the art divine with the blame that belongs to erring weaklings

ROBERT URQUHART. By Gabriel Setoun. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co. \$1.00.

Another Scotch novelette. The more the merrier while the game's alive. While the lamp of popularity holds on to burn, the greatest sinner may take his turn in deluging a long suffering public with Caledonian folk-tales. We have no quarrel with the author or publisher of this nice little book, even though it staggers us with the information that the patter of the horses' "hooves" ultimately "softened into music." We resign ourselves to a softening of overtaxed brain after a prolonged indulgence in Scotch brogue anyway, without working out to completion the problem whether the clattering of bones is a true element of minstrelsy. So far as we are able to judge, this story of *Robert Urquhart* compares favorably with the popular books of the other Scotchmen who are educating us up to a proper appreciation of the beauties of Scotch lassies, Scotch elders, Scotch character and Scotch "wut." Let them all run their free course and be glorified. Then, maybe, poor Paddy will get his turn, and perhaps Taffy, who was a Welshman and—what else was he? And after the snapshot pen-photographers have polished all the oddities of creation off the face of the earth, it may chance that mere educated men and women of America and England, whose misfortune it is to speak the English language "with propriety," as Linley Murray hath it, will be deemed worthy of a book or two all to their insignificant selves.

THE JOY OF LIFE. By Emma Wolf. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.00.

The motto of this novel raises expectations of originality, or strivings after it. "And God saw everything that he had made, and behold—it was very ugly. Then he created Illusion." The smart authoress probably read the proofs of her book and pronounced it good. Gallantry forbids our asking whether she allowed for Illusion. Barbara Gerrish, heroine, is a Bachelor of Arts at twenty-three and an instructor in physiology and hygiene at twenty-six, hungering for some one to love, not to be loved by some one. "She stood waiting, a tall, straight, full-rounded figure, smiling, her somewhat large mouth showing the edge of strong white teeth, her dusky face holding a warm glow, her wood-brown eyes looking straight into his, as if to prompt his laggard senses." This, though, was only her brother, but he served the purpose. With such a young person for heroine and such a narrator, who can refrain from rushing to buy the book to know the end? We are not going to tell it, but don't mind delighting the reader with a taste or two of the book, its pearls of worldly wisdom. "He alone is wise who fills for himself a pot of gold. Commerce enters into every undertaking, we get that only for which we pay. Everything is marketable, noticeably the great motives—friendship, honors, love. Life is one of nature's inevitable accidents." There are other brilliancies in the book, equally new and about as true.

ABOUT BOOKS AND WRITERS.

THE English poet laureate, Alfred Austin, has narrowly escaped being drowned while fishing in a Scotch stream. His poems, most of them, were watery enough before. He may have gone to the hardy north to fish for ideas and inspiration. If he has caught anything of the fervor with which the sons of royal Bruce regard Queen Victoria, he will have a rare chance to show his fine work, as the British Empire the world over will next June be celebrating the completion of her sixty years' reign, and will demand an adequate expression of national enthusiasm from the official bard.

There are, perhaps, half a dozen living British poets who can soar higher and with broader sweep than the laureate, but it is doubtful if either Swinburne, Watson, Meredith, Davidson, Henley or the recently deceased Morris and Patmore are worthy to be classed

with Rudyard Kipling, youngest of them all, as producers of song that thrills the national pulse. Kipling is once more reaping fame and fortune by his new book of verse, which is poetry as well as patriotism. Many before him have rattled off dialect jingles by the yard, some that touch the emotions and others amuse, but none have combined the rude speech of the army "tough" with humor that softens and unforced sentiment that commands respect. This is not Kipling's only achievement. His birth in India, of English parents, his training, newspaper work, and opportunities for really knowing the life of the British soldier, to which he brought a unique set of powers which amount to genius, these have put him at the head of all who claim the right to chant the glories of their native land. We may count upon a great poem from him on the Victorian celebration.

Several attempts have been made of late, in the mad rage for novelty for its own sake, to give theatrical representations of sacred subjects in imitation of the once genuine, now the vulgarized sham, Passion Play at Ober Ammergan. These have most properly been suppressed, here and in England, but the remarkable success of Wilson Barrett's drama, "The Sign of the Cross," which represents scenes in the Diocletian persecution, appears to have revived the notion. We are informed that the *Pilgrim's Progress* is about to be put on the London stage with new scenic effects, as, for instance, instead of Christian making his slow and painful progress from the Broad road to the Narrow way, he is to be suddenly shot across the chasm by a thunderbolt!

Whether the censor will permit this grossly absurd travesty of Bunyan's reverent allegory remains to be seen. However, it will not be the first absurd performance of the second part of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Some who read these lines may recollect the painful exhibition made of himself and of Bunyan's story by no less distinguished a divine and novelist than George MacDonald. About two and twenty years ago he had the strange ambition to make a sort of parlor-play of the book, and actually got together the costumes and performed the thing here and a few times in England. The characters were represented by members of his family, all females, if memory serves, except himself, who cut a ludicrous figure as Greatheart, long, lean and lanky, clad in tin armor which clattered with a hollow rattling from the slimness of its occupant. The venture happily failed, as all such blunders should.

What is fame? What's in a name? The one may be supposed to express the other; but what if the fame of a name is insufficient to insure its correct spelling? Small as it may seem, there is great significance in the fact that the newspapers know so little or think so little of Edgar Allan Poe that they hardly ever spell his name correctly. It is strictly accurate to say that, nine times out of ten, the second name is given as the English Allen instead of the Scotch Allan, and though the reproach has been continuously pointed out for several years by at least one writer in the press, the time-honored blunder still flourishes. That the type-setter should know his country's men of genius in only a loose way is excusable enough, but what are we to think of writers, proof correctors, critics and editors, even of papers such as the *New York Tribune*, who share the failing?

Bearing upon this matter of spelling, the slovenliness, we are reluctant to call it ignorance, which mars so many of our leading publications, literary and other, is not to be explained by the plea of misprints. Here is the *Critic*, itself not immaculate in this respect, boldly charging our author class with originalities of spelling which beat the average misprint in grotesqueness. Not for millions would we make such a sacrilegious accusation against the elect, but the *Critic* produces its evidence. It says, editorially:

"To show how distinct is the accomplishment of spelling correctly from that of writing well, I may quote three words from the manuscript of a well-known American author—one of the most charming of our writers—which came under my observation some years since: 'resistence,' 'mechanicle,' 'gound' (for 'gown'). Here are some gems from the manuscript of a very bright book reviewer, with whose work I was once familiar 'smouldering censor of fate,' 'pius maidens,' 'augure well,' 'upstreperous,' 'facinating,' 'goulsh,' 'yoemen,' 'manuel,' 'inuendoes,' 'illuding' (for 'eluding,' in the sense of 'elusive'). There are other writers of my acquaintance, not unknown to fame, who show a similar incapacity for rendering unto words the letters that belong to them."

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PHILADELPHIA.

Please mention The American.

Worship have been sold of a single edition recently issued. This may give a vague idea of the enormous influence the man must be continually wielding out of his final silence. Edmund Gosse, in his introduction to this edition, speaks in the worst taste of Carlyle as "an undignified human being," and "a peasant growling like an ill-bred collie dog." This raises in our mind's eye a picture of a village idiot cackling like an ill-bred goose. Why do some publishers allow great authors to be used as mere pedestals on which small talkers think to exalt themselves into importance? Let Carlyle be given full censure for his dyspeptic frailties by all means, in the interests of truth, but let the censors be of Carlylean calibre at least. Mr. Gosse was only turned thirty when Carlyle died, aged eighty-six, the one a true hero of mind and soul, the other a belittler of the giant towering above him. Is reverence for years, wisdom, and greatness going out of fashion?

Thomas Hardy's later novels have sadly departed from the sweet fields and pastures green depicted in his earlier works. Harper & Brothers have just issued *Under the Greenwood Tree* in their new series of his books. It is a capital test of taste to read this most charming picture of old-fashioned English country life as lived by villagers far from the madding crowds of towns. If we can still enjoy its simple scenes and quaint speech it proves that we have not had our wholesome appetite quite depraved by the high-seasoned trash served out by a type of novelists among whom Hardy himself is now to be numbered.

The *Pekin Gazette* is the official daily organ of the government of China, and it has been issued without a break, we believe, for five or six centuries. A writer in *Longman's Magazine* gives the following translation or paraphrase of its average contents:

"The Governor X reports a number of incompetents. The Prefect A is an opium sot and too fond of actors; the Magistrate B is a fellow of low and mercenary spirit. Let each be reduced one grade. The Prefect C is no fool, but he is getting old and feeble. Let him retire on his present rank. The Magistrate D is simply an idiot. Let him take charge of the local education department instead. * * * The Viceroy of Hu-Kwang reports the descent to the earth from the clouds of a green lizard, and the consequent sudden stoppage of the floods in nine districts. We are infinitely touched by this gracious evidence of the gods' intervention. The academy has been ordered to compose a suitable aphorism for engraving on a gorgeous tablet. The Viceroy will proceed in full uniform, followed by the whole official body to hang this tablet in the Moth's Eyebrows Hall in order to prove to the local deity that we are not indisposed to requite his services. * * * When the eclipse of the moon takes place to-morrow let the proper authorities set up the usual howls, and save the moon in due legal form!"

The American Publishers' Corporation will soon issue new editions of Green's *History of the English People*, in four volumes, with thirty-two photogravure illustrations; Guizot's *History of France*, eight volumes; Scott's *Waverley Novels*, twelve volumes, profusely illustrated; McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times* and the Library Series of twenty-four of the *World's Best Books*. All these editions will be bound in the new style of buckram cloth. The prices are to be remarkably low.

Colonel Stewart, who was General Gordon's comrade, and who was murdered during his voyage down the Nile from Khartoum, it is believed, kept a journal. In it, it is likely, he kept an account of the defence of Khartoum. This manuscript, it is supposable, was preserved by the Mahdi at Omdurman. If the diary still exists, it would clear up many doubts. The proposition is made of trying to recover this Stewart diary from the present Mahdi.

The *Encyclopædic Dictionary* now being offered on the cheap subscription plan, is a genuinely good work throughout, and is brought up to date by the addition of the latest scientific terms. Its fifty thousand references justify all that is claimed for it as a first rate cyclopædia in brief, besides being as complete and scholarly a dictionary as can be desired. Many illustrations are given in the four handsome volumes, which cannot fail to instruct and delight old and young, learned and simple.

Captain Mahan's *Life of Nelson* is expected to appear in March. There will be two octavos printed in the same style as

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A CHAPTER ABOUT CHILDREN.

WHO says "I will," to what is right,
"I won't," to what is wrong.
Although a tender little child,
Is truly great and strong.

The greatest homage we can pay to truth is to use it.—
Emerson.

Many a child goes astray, not because there is want of care and training at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need the sunshine.

Mothers too often forget that children lack the independence which comes with years and experience, and are therefore very sensible to ridicule. Any style of dress that renders a child conspicuous and different from its associates proves martyrdom to it, and should be carefully avoided. Although picturesque and lovely to behold, posing as a Highlander, a little Lord Fauntleroy, etc., has been a bitter experience to many a child, whose mother, thoughtlessly and without intent, has thus sacrificed its happiness to her own vanity. Curls, laces, fancy costumes and extremes in juvenile toilet, are reluctantly accepted by the small men of the period.

A boy walked into a merchant's office the other day in search of a situation. After being put through a catechism by the merchant he was asked: "Well, my lad, and what is your motto?"

"Same as yours, sir," he replied: "same as you have on your door. Push."

He was engaged.

Children should be accustomed as soon as possible to sleep in a dark room. Unless they have learned to be afraid of it the darkness is soothing to the nerves, and the rest is more profound and refreshing than when there is the unconscious stimulation of light. It is particularly desirable for children of a nervous temperament that light should be excluded, yet it is most often the nervous, sensitive child whose imagination has been filled with fears of the shapes the dark may hide. Silly tales told by cruel servants or mischievous brothers, thoughtless speeches of the elders, stories half understood and brooded over make the kindly darkness a terror to many an unfortunate child. The mother should try by every means in her power to remove these fears. The child who is subject to them should never be forced to stay alone in the dark. Much gentle persuasion and reasoning appeals to common sense, and the example of older persons will be necessary before they are overcome, but patience will conquer them at last.

"Little girl," said the lady who was passing, "doesn't it worry your mamma dreadfully to hear you crying so hard?"
"Course it does!" howled the little girl. "That's why I am crying, Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!"

It was little Queen Wilhelmina of Holland who was overheard holding the terrible threat over the head of her most rebellious doll—"If you do not be good at once I will make you queen, and then you will never have anyone to play with."

It's easy enough to be pleasant
While life flows by like a song;
But the boy worth while, is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.

McClure's Magazine

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NUGGETS AND NUBBINS.

"MY daughter," and his voice was stern,
 "You must set this matter right;
 What time did the sophomore leave,
 Who sent in his card last night?"

"His work was pressing, father, dear,
 And his love for it was great;
 He took his leave and went away
 Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eye,
 And her dimple deeper grew,
 "'Tis surely no sin to tell him that,
 For a quarter of eight is two."

.

She—Have you many poor relations?
 He—None that I know.
 She—Many rich ones?
 He—None that know me.

.

Mrs. Colonial Dame—I am proud to say that my grandfather made his mark in the world.

Mrs. Rev. Lution—Well, I guess he wasn't the only man in those days who couldn't write his name.

.

A naval officer, wishing to bathe in a Ceylon river, asked a native to show him where there was no alligators. The native took him to a pool close to the estuary.

The officer enjoyed his dip; and while drying himself, he asked his guide why there were never any alligators in that pool. "Because, sah," the Cingalese replied, "they plenty 'fraid of shark!"

.

Magistrate—Do you mean to say that such a physical wreck as he is gave you that black eye?

Complaining Wife—Shure, Yer Honor, he wasn't a physical wreck until after he gave the black eye.

.

One Sunday, as a certain Scottish minister was returning homewards, he was accosted by an old woman, who said: "Oh, sir, well do I like the day when you preach." The minister was aware that he was not very popular, and answered: "My good woman, I am glad to hear it. There are too few like you. And why do you like it when I preach?" "Oh, sir," she replied, "when you preach, I always get a good seat!"

.

Two young fellows, partners in the tea trade, were the best of friends, and their intimacy extended to personal as well as to business matters.

One of them a simple-minded fellow, was a bachelor, and was in the habit of reading to his partner extracts from letters of an ardent and affectionate nature from a lady in the north of England, who signed herself "Susie."

The married one went to China for twelve months, and returned just in time to attend the wedding of his partner.

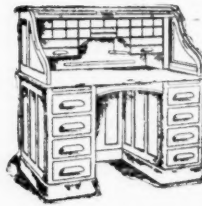
"I hardly feel like a stranger," he said, in his sweetest tones, addressing the bride. "In fact I feel as though I ought to be well acquainted with my partner's wife, since he has often done me the honor to read to me extracts of his dear Susie's letters."

The faces of the husband and the speaker were studied as the bride drew herself up and said, emphatically and distinctly:

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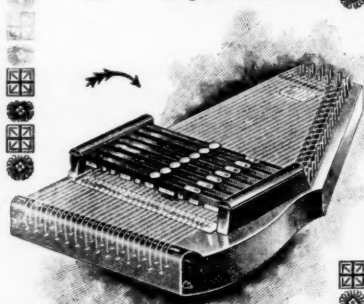
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